

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1929.

*The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.*



## THE "SILENCE" AT THE CENOTAPH: THE CEREMONY HELD FOR THE FIRST TIME WITHOUT THE KING (REPRESENTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES)—SHOWING (BEYOND THE ROYAL GROUP) THE COMPANY OF V.C.'S.

Once again, on November 11, the heart of the Empire rendered homage to the Glorious Dead in the Two Minutes' Silence at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. For the first time since it was instituted, the King was not present, as his doctors had advised him that it would be unwise to attend an open-air ceremony so soon after his illness. His Majesty was represented by the Prince of Wales, who in our photograph is the second figure in the group immediately beyond and to right of the Cenotaph. The Prince is standing slightly in front. In the next row,

behind him, are (from left to right) the Duke of York (immediately to right of the monument), the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Behind the royal party—after an intervening space—is seen, lined across the roadway, the company of nearly 300 men who had won the Victoria Cross. Their presence was a novel and impressive feature of the occasion. Beyond them are other groups, and in the background a dense crowd filling Whitehall. To the left of the Cenotaph are the members of the Cabinet.

## NO "DYING OUT" OF PUBLIC INTEREST IN ARMISTICE DAY: VAST CROWDS AT THE ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.



BEGINNING "TO DATE" COMPARED WITH NEW TYPES: "OLD BILL," THE HISTORIC LONDON MOTOR-BUS, IN THE PROCESSION.



MAKING A "GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE" ON THE GREEN OUTSIDE THE ABBEY: EX-SERVICE MEN "PLANTING" FLANDERS POPPIES AROUND A WOODEN CROSS.



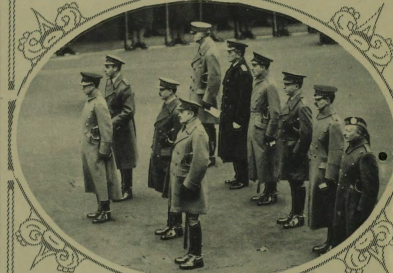
THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE CENOTAPH: THE PRINCE OF WALES DEPOSITING HIS MAJESTY'S WREATH.



AN OVERWHELMING ANSWER TO THE SUGGESTION THAT ENTHUSIASM FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF ARMISTICE DAY IS BEGINNING TO DIMINISH: THE VAST CROWD OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S DURING THE "SILENCE"—WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AMONG THE CLERGY ON THE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL.



ROYAL LADIES ON A BALCONY OF THE HOME OFFICE OVERLOOKING THE CENOTAPH: (RIGHT TO LEFT IN FRONT) THE QUEEN, INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA OF SPAIN, THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, THE DUCHESS OF YORK, AND PRINCESS BEATRICE.



ROYALTY AT THE CENOTAPH: (LEFT TO RIGHT IN LEFT FOREGROUND) THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF YORK, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, AND PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.



THE CABINET AND LEADING STATESMEN BESIDE THE CENOTAPH: (LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT ROW) LORD PASSFIELD (DOMINIONS AND COLONIAL SECRETARY), MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON (FOREIGN SECRETARY), MR. J. H. THOMAS (LORD PRIVY SEAL), CAPTAIN E. A. FITZROY (SPEAKER), LORD SANKEY (LORD CHANCELLOR), MR. LLOYD GEORGE (EX-PREMIER), MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (PRIME MINISTER), AND MR. STANLEY BALDWIN (EX-PREMIER); SECOND ROW—MR. NOEL BUXTON (MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE), SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN (PRESIDENT, BOARD OF EDUCATION), MR. A. GREENWOOD (MINISTER OF HEALTH), AND MR. T. SHAW (SECRETARY FOR WAR).



A HUMAN "SEA" IN THE HEART OF THE CITY DURING THE GREAT "SILENCE": THE DENSELY THROGGED APPROACHES TO THE MANSION HOUSE (ON THE RIGHT), FROM CHEAPSIDE AND QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, AND TO THE ROYAL EXCHANGE (CENTRE BACKGROUND); FROM CORNHILL (TO THE RIGHT OF IT)—SHOWING ALSO THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND (LEFT BACKGROUND) UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

It has been suggested in some quarters that, as memories of the war begin to fade, there is perceptible a certain cooling of public fervour in the observance of Armistice Day. To judge from our photographs, especially the two larger ones on the right, nothing could be further from the truth, at any rate as far as London is concerned, and reports from the provinces point to the same conclusion. Not only at the Cenotaph itself (as shown in the illustration on our

front page) and all along Whitehall from Trafalgar Square, but also outside St. Paul's and in the heart of the City, before the London troops' War Memorial outside the Royal Exchange and at the Mansion House, immense throngs packed the streets to join reverently in the Two Minutes' Silence. The size and the demeanour of this great multitude provide an overwhelming denial of the idea that this most moving of ceremonies is losing its hold upon our people. In the proceedings at the Cenotaph the Prince of Wales took the place of the King, who, on his doctors' advice, was absent from the ceremony for the first time since it was instituted. The Prince accordingly deposited his Majesty's wreath. The Queen and other royal ladies were on the balcony of the Home Office. At St. Paul's the Archbishop of Canterbury, after the Silence, addressed a crowded congregation. Referring to the Empire's dead, he said: "We surely bring with us a deepened resolve that the horrors which these men faced and endured shall never again, please God, darken and desolate the earth." On a grass-plot outside Westminster Abbey some ex-Service men made, as last year, a little "Garden of Remembrance" with Flanders poppies.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

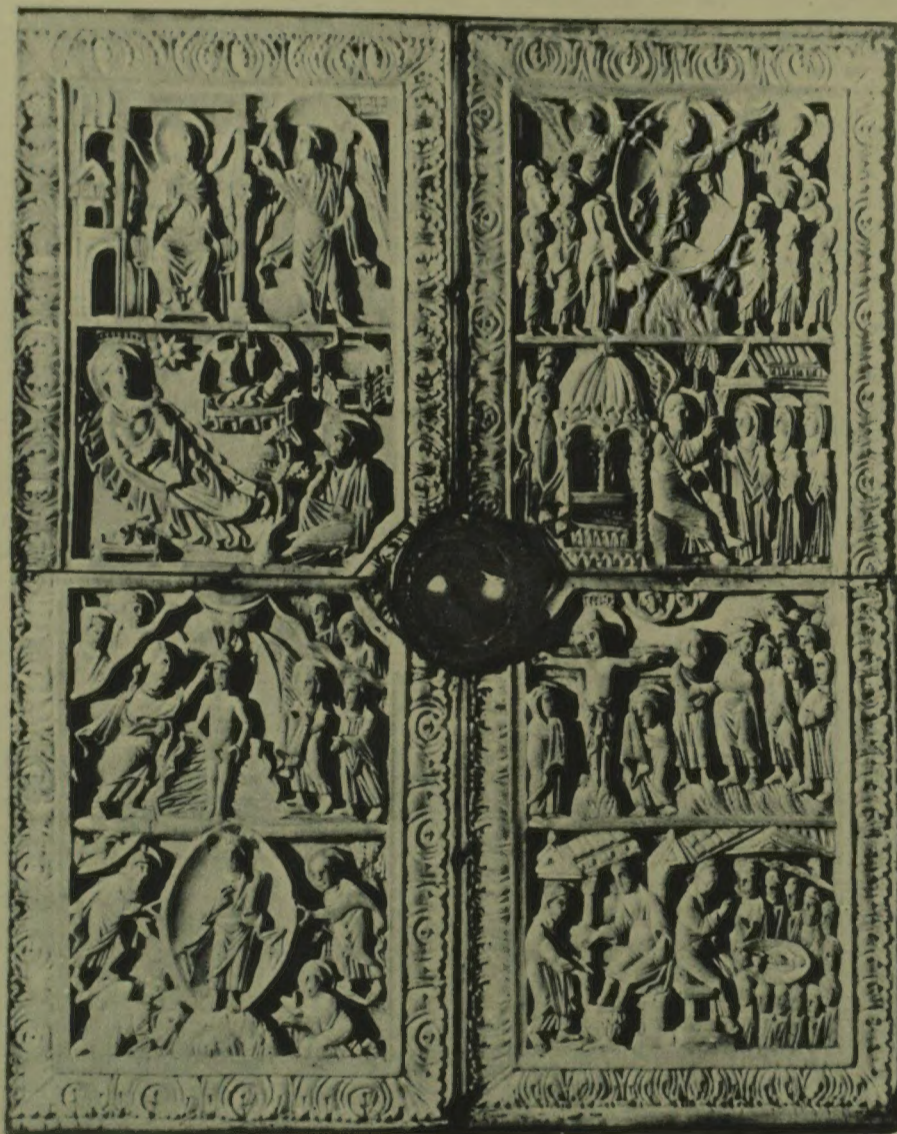
MODERN moral controversy reels to and fro, to such an extent that men seem sometimes to change weapons, as in the duel in "Hamlet," or even change places, as in the game of Puss-in-the-Corner. I admit that I quote the facts at second-hand, but from a very moderate and reliable paper; and it would seem that in a recent discussion on that totally new topic, the True Position of Woman, some rather remarkable manifestations were made. It seems that Mr. Henry Ford, the very incarnation of swift progress and practical industrialism, has been saying that Woman's only place is the Home. And it seems that Mr. Bertrand Russell, the very champion of Feminism, has been saying that American civilisation is over-feminised. The report in question sums up his view by saying that "American women are over-romantic, and that the American family is disintegrating in consequence, since it is regarded primarily as the vehicle of sentimental compatibility and not as a child-rearing unit." The language is a little pedantic; but on the whole it serves to show that everybody has a sane spot somewhere, even Cambridge philosophers and scientific millionaires. But the philosopher is more philosophical than the millionaire, for it is the wrong way of putting it to say that Woman should be confined to the Home, as if it were a Home for Incurables. The Home is not a prison, or even an asylum; nor is the case for the Home the idea that certain people should be locked up in it because they are weak-minded or incapable. It is as if men had said that the Priestess of Delphi should be kept in her place, which was to sit on a tripod and deliver nice little oracles. Or it is as if Miss Maude Royden were accused of saying that a woman should be locked up in the pulpit and not allowed to pollute the rest of the church. Those who believe in the dignity of the domestic tradition, who happen to be the overwhelming majority of mankind, regard the home as a sphere of vast social importance and supreme spiritual significance; and to talk of being confined to it is like talking of being chained to a throne, or set in the seat of judgment as if it were the stocks. There may be women who are uncomfortable in family life, as there have certainly been men who were uncomfortable on thrones. There are wives who do not want to be mothers; and there are lawyers who do not want to be judges. But, taking normal human nature and historic tradition as a whole, we cannot be expected to start the discussion by assuming that these human dignities are not the object of human desires. We cannot simply take it for granted that kings are humiliated by being crowned. We cannot accept it as a first principle that a man is made a judge because he is a fool. And we cannot assume, as both sides in this curious controversy so often do assume, that bringing forth and rearing and ruling the living beings of the future is a servile task suited to a silly person.

It is, however, a curious example of the way in which a modern tendency will often cut its own throat. People begin by saying that it is an antiquated tyranny to ask women to form part of "a child-rearing unit." They encourage them to talk sham psychology about compatibility and affinity, and all the rest of it, with the result, as Mr. Bertrand Russell sees, that the view of the whole thing becomes

pestiferously sentimental. Then they find that, in introducing the New Woman who shall appeal to posterity, they have in fact introduced a very old-fashioned sort of woman, as fastidious, hysterical, and irresponsible as any silly spinster in a Victorian novel; and, above all, that, so far as she is concerned, there is no posterity to appeal to. Meanwhile, by this ingenious *détour*, they have managed to lose the other opportunity altogether. They cannot get the female energy harnessed again to the human and creative purposes of the family, because they have started by denouncing and deriding those purposes as slavish and superstitious. They began by saying

I have never understood myself how this superstition arose: the notion that a woman plays a lowly part in the home and a loftier part outside the home. There may be all sorts of excellent reasons for individuals doing or not doing either; but I cannot understand how the domestic thing can be considered inferior in the nature of the thing done. Most work done in the outer world is pretty mechanical work; some of it is decidedly dirty work. There seems no possible sense in which it is intrinsically superior to domestic work. Nine times out of ten, the only difference is that the one person is drudging for people she does care for and the other drudging for people she does not care for. But, allowing for the element of drudgery in both cases, there is rather more element of distinction, and even dictatorship, in the domestic case. The most fully trusted official must very largely go by rules and regulations established by superiors. The mother of a family makes her own rules and regulations; and they are not merely mechanical rules, but often very fundamental moral rules. Nor are they merely monotonous in their application. Mr. Ford is reported, rightly or wrongly, as saying that the woman should not be in the business of the outer world, because business people have to make decisions. I should say that mothers have to make many more decisions. A great part of a big business goes by routine; and all the technical part of Mr. Ford's business goes, quite literally, on oiled wheels. It is the very boast of such a system that its products are made rapidly because rigidly, upon a regular pattern, and can be trusted ninety-nine times out of a hundred to turn out according to plan. But a little boy does not, by any means, always turn out according to plan. The little boy will present a series of problems in the course of twenty-four hours which would correspond to a Ford car bursting like a bomb or flying out of the window like an aeroplane. The little boy is individual; he cannot be mended with spare parts from another little boy. The mother cannot order another little boy at the same works, and make the experiment work. The domestic woman really is called upon to make decisions, real or moral decisions, and she jolly well does. Some have even complained that her decisions were too decisive.

I suppose the prejudice must have sprung merely from the fact that domestic operations occur in a small space, and on private premises. Even that is illogical enough, in an age that is so proud of the experimental history of science. The most epoch-making scientific feats have been performed in a space no larger than a parlour or a nursery. A baby is bigger than a bacillus; and even the little boy is larger and more lively than a germ under the microscope. And the science that is studied in the home is the greatest and most glorious of all sciences, very inadequately indicated by the word education, and nothing less, at least, than the mystery of the making of men. It does not seem to me in the least odd that so mysterious and momentous a business should have been surrounded by virtues of vigilance and loyalty, as by an armed guard; or that the partners in it should have a sealed and sacred relationship. We may or may not be content with the frigid phrase that the family is a child-rearing unit. But it is not unreasonable to expect a unit to have unity.



A 30,000-DOLLAR IVORY DIPTYCH REPORTED STOLEN FROM ZAGREB CATHEDRAL, AND EVENTUALLY SOLD TO AN AMERICAN MUSEUM: A CARVING APPARENTLY IDENTICAL WITH THAT SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, BUT WITH A DIFFERENT CENTRE JEWEL.

It is interesting to compare this illustration (just to hand from America) with that on the opposite page showing a work of identical design but surrounded with marginal decorations and having a jewel of different shape in the centre. A note on the above photograph states: "This rare carved ivory diptych, which figured in an international art scandal, and has been sought by French and Yugoslavian officials, has been found in the Cleveland (Ohio) Art Museum. The diptych, one of the greatest carvings of its kind, was immediately withdrawn from exhibition, pending instructions from the U.S. State Department. It is valued at 30,000 dollars, and is believed to have been stolen from a cathedral at Zagreb, Yugoslavia, about two years ago. The ivory reached New York through a Paris art dealer, who is to be questioned as to how it got into his hands." A correspondent quoted on the opposite page gives a somewhat different version of the incident.

that only silly women were domestic; then they went off with the sensible women and watched them turning silly; and now they cannot get anybody to go in for what they originally deprecated as silliness. It is as if they had spat upon all work as being servile work, created a whole generation that could do no work, and then clamoured in vain for somebody to do the work although it was servile. There is no hope for them, except to begin again at the beginning; and consider the paradox that free men can labour or that free women can be at home, even at home.

## A FAMOUS MEDIÆVAL ART TREASURE STOLEN: THE ZAGREB DIPTYCH.



A MAGNIFICENT TENTH-CENTURY IVORY DIPTYCH MISSING FROM ZAGREB CATHEDRAL: A WORK IDENTICAL IN DESIGN WITH THAT ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, BUT HAVING, APPARENTLY, A DIFFERENT CENTRE JEWEL.

This superb tenth-century diptych in carved ivory was the most precious of many rare art treasures preserved in the Cathedral at Zagreb, the old capital of Croatia, now part of the kingdom of Yugoslavia. The two panels, which together measure  $8\frac{1}{2}$  by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, contain eight divisions representing episodes from the Gospel story, including the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Baptism by John the Baptist, the Ascension, the Crucifixion, the Last Supper, and the Washing of Feet. The diptych was jealously guarded and only exhibited, on rare occasions, to visitors who had obtained special permission from the Archbishop. One day it was found to have disappeared and to have been replaced by a clever forgery—a discovery which caused a profound sensation in Zagreb.

A correspondent suggests that the thief was probably an expert in antiques who showed great interest in the Cathedral treasures and presumably made a false key to the room where they were kept. Somehow, it is alleged, he got a passable copy of the diptych made, and substituted it for the original, which he removed and sold to an art dealer in Vienna. According to our informant, the diptych was later sold for 10,000 dollars to a museum in Boston, where it was recognised by a Viennese dealer who happened to be in America. It was then that the Zagreb Cathedral authorities discovered the substitution, and communicated with the police, but so far the thief has not been caught. Different details were given with the photograph reproduced on the opposite page.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### CAULIFLOWERS AND CABBAGES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

WHEN I was walking round the garden of an old friend of mine last July, some cauliflower and broccoli plants caught my attention. For they displayed signs of "bolting"—that is to say, of running to seed. So I besought him then and there to send

that they are rather to be regarded as potential flowers which, given the right conditions, would, as a rule, mature. Indeed, one sees that this *must* be so, since how else could we ensure a constant supply? The ordinary cauliflower, however, grown in the kitchen-garden, could not, apparently, be depended upon to produce flowers and seed in due season. The delicious-looking head, ripe for the knife, if left to itself, might rot, though it might, on the other hand, attain to seed.

the broccoli. But more than these. Turn to any seedsman's catalogue and you will find a most bewildering number of varieties of each of these types. I have, for example, just counted up fourteen varieties of broccoli and seventeen of cauliflower, thirteen varieties of savoy, and no fewer than thirty-six of cabbage! Unlike the seedsman, however, the greengrocer is not in the habit of observing these fine botanical distinctions.

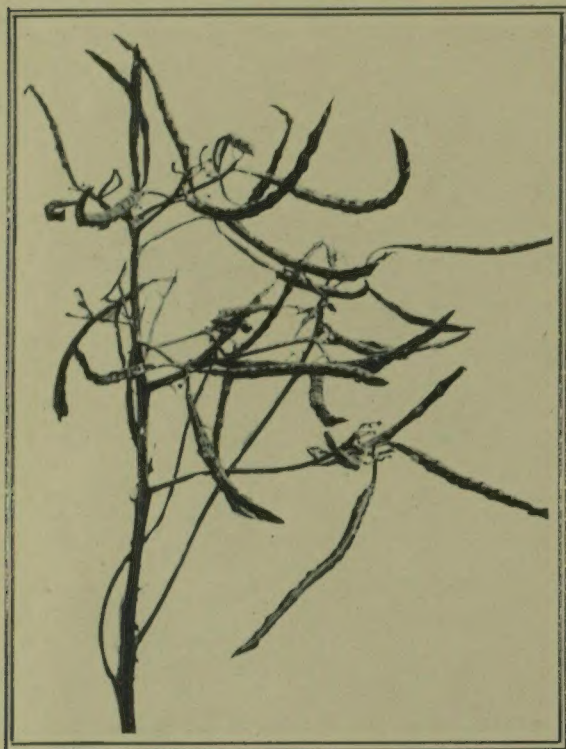


FIG. 1. ON A PLANT SPECIALLY GROWN FOR THE GARDEN RATHER THAN THE TABLE: RIPENING SEED-PODS OF THE CAULIFLOWER.

Although as between, say, the cabbage, Brussels sprouts, and cauliflower the differences are profound, in the matter of the form of their flowers and seed-pods they display only negligible differences.

me the flower-heads when, in due time, they appeared. And now, just as November has set in, they have come.

They interested me not only because the cauliflower, with its cousin the broccoli, is, to my thinking, one of the most delicious of all our vegetables, but also because the nature of that creamy-white, foam-like disc with its palisade of green leaves challenged my curiosity. At the back of my mind has always been the question: How and whence has the cauliflower come into being? And these particular plants made me resolve to seek answers to these questions as soon as might be. Though I cannot possibly answer them with anything like completeness, I hope to be able to set down a few facts at least which may be of interest.

To begin with, it must be remembered that the cauliflower is but a glorified cabbage—a vegetable more suitable for rabbits than men! But the cabbage tribe is one which, under man's careful training, has proved singularly versatile. But of this, more presently; for the moment let us consider the cauliflower. Excepting the gardener, I venture to doubt whether to more than very few of those who share my enthusiasm for the cauliflower it has ever occurred that the part which we find so delectable is formed of a closely compressed mass of flower-buds (Fig. 3).

Darwin, more than sixty years ago, when he began to give us the results of his long and patient efforts to trace the origin and development of animals and plants under domestication, described these flower-buds as in "an aborted condition incapable of producing seed." That is, he regarded them as flower-buds which under the gardener's hand had remained just "buds," lacking ability to proceed to their full development. And until I began to look into the matter this is what I believed them to be. I find, however,

When seeds are wanted for next season's crop, they have to be sown at what would be the wrong time if they were to produce plants for the kitchen. Exactly when this sowing is to be made does not concern us here; that may be left to the gardener, as also the necessary treatment of the growing plants to ensure that they shall put on their wedding garment of yellow, cruciform flowers (Fig. 2), which shall finally yield the much-desired seed (Fig. 1). I am still anxious to know what is the "something" about this particular type of the cabbage tribe which causes its flower-stalk not merely to form the massive, creamy-white crown of closely crowded flower-buds which we so greatly cherish, but also what imparts to them those delicious qualities which make them so pleasing to the palate. The flowers of the plant raised for seed would be most unpalatable.

And now as to some other members of the cabbage tribe to be found in our kitchen-gardens, which have all, apparently, like the cauliflower, been derived by cultivation from the wild *Brassica oleracea*, a rare sea-cliff plant of Wales and the South of England, as well as of the west and South coasts of the continent of Europe. That our garden cabbage was introduced by the Kelts, who were the first to possess a cultivated cabbage, is more likely than that it was raised from our own wild species within the confines of our own shores. But, be this as it may, a thousand years or so of cultivation has resulted in such strangely diverse types as the common savoy and red-cabbage, Brussels sprouts, various forms of kale, the cauliflower, and

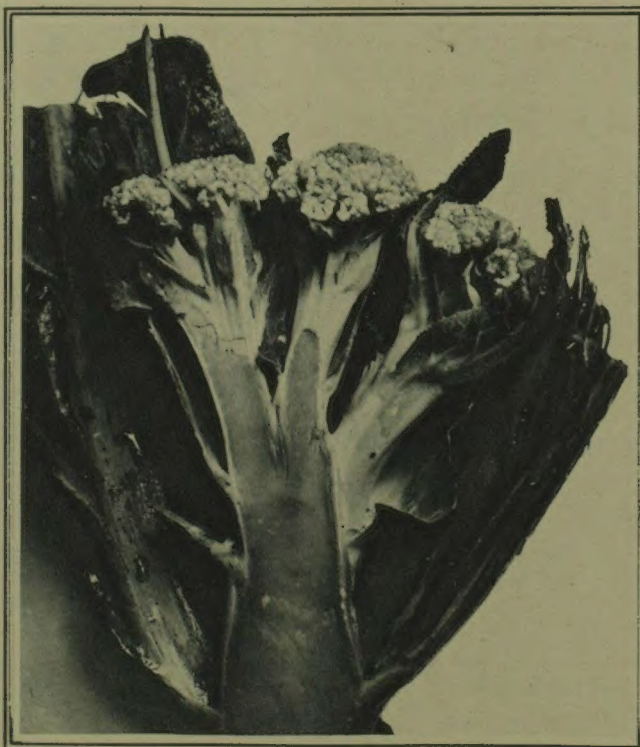


FIG. 3. FORMED OF A CLOSELY COMPRESSED MASS OF FLOWER-BUDS: PART OF THE HEAD OF A CAULIFLOWER (SEEN IN SECTION).

The flower-head takes the form of a dense corymb, and the buds seen massed together under a magnifying-glass look like clusters of small beads. At the base of each tuft of flower-buds is a pair of small leaves, or bracts.



FIG. 2. IN ITS "WEDDING GARMENT OF YELLOW, CRUCIFORM FLOWERS," RESEMBLING WALL-FLOWERS: THE FLOWER-HEAD OF A CAULIFLOWER PLANT "RUNNING TO SEED."

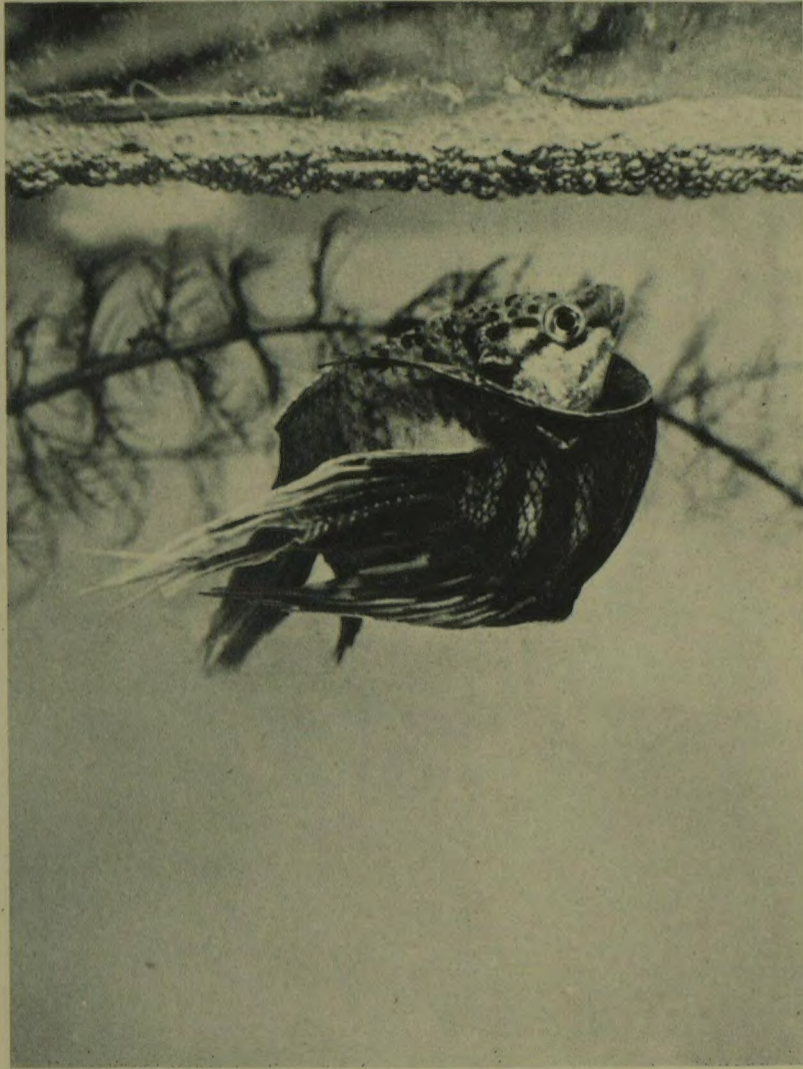
The cabbage tribe belong to the order "Cruciferae," to which the wall-flower also belongs. The likeness of this flower to that of the wall-flower is clearly apparent. The fully opened flower, unopened buds, and shrivelling flowers developing seed-pods are all shown here.

Consider, again, the profound differences of form which these various types of the cabbage tribe present. Contrast our common cabbage with the giant Jersey cabbage, attaining to a height of as much as sixteen feet, and compare these with the Brussels sprouts, which have not only a very singular habit of growth, but a flavour which puts them in the very front rank of green vegetables. It is, however, only in the cases of the cauliflower and the broccoli that we eat the flower-head; the rest we cultivate for the sake of their leaves. Of all, however, one most important point is to be kept well to the front. They are, so to speak, the civilised descendants of a barbarian ancestor, and they can retain the refinements they have acquired during a process of civilisation extending back over more than a thousand years only so long as they can enjoy the environment which has accompanied their "civilisation." They need careful nurture when they are young, freedom from competition with other plants when growing up, and a generous diet. Remove these adventitious aids, and in a few short years they will revert to something very like their barbarian ancestor, the wild cabbage—a poor thing in our estimation, but able to hold its own in the struggle for existence without man's aid.

I spoke just now of an ancestry of a thousand years or so. That distinction must apply more particularly to the common cabbage. The evolution of the rest must have taken place during the last few hundred years, for gardening as we know it (I speak of "kitchen-gardens"), though practised by the Romans, had to be revived by the monks of the Middle Ages. But the mediæval gardener did not have to face the problem as to which of thirty-six varieties of cabbage would be most likely to succeed in his plot! On another occasion I hope to discuss other types of "cabbages." To-day I have confined myself to those only with woody stems.

## CANNIBALISTIC FEMALE; GUARDIAN MALE—AND A NEST OF BUBBLES.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS "MACROPODENFÄRCHEN," BY PAUL UNGER, IN THE GERMAN ANNUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY, "DAS DEUTSCHE LICHTBILD,"  
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT AND BRUNO SCHULTZ, BERLIN, W.9.



THE COURTSHIP OF THE CHINESE PARADISE FISH: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE MALE-MADE NEST OF STICKY BUBBLES FLOATING ON THE SURFACE; AND THE "HAPPY PAIR," A MOTHER WHO WOULD DEVOUR HER YOUNG AND A FATHER WHO PREVENTS HER.

"The photographs," writes our expert, "illustrate the courtship of the Chinese Paradise Fish. In this species, the male makes a nest composed of sticky bubbles, which he blows out of his mouth. The nest floats on the surface of the water. The eggs having been laid, the male picks them up one by one in his mouth

and carries them to the sticky, bubbly nest, to which they adhere. The mother has cannibalistic tendencies and would eat the eggs and the young when they hatch were it not for the father, who watches over them." The bubble-nest is seen excellently in the second and the last of the illustrations.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is to be a Government inquiry, I notice, into the exercise of Ministerial powers and "delegated legislation." Again, in connection with the Indian question, Mr. J. L. Garvin recently "observed" with disapproval an example of "Ministerial prejudice" in advance of the report of the Simon Commission. All this seems to point to a certain individualism in administration, even under a Socialist Government. Socialism is generally supposed to be the chief menace, at present, to established institutions in this country; but Socialism tends to the multiplication of offices and officials; and officials, in the last resort, act as individuals. Thus, we arrive at the paradox that the chief peril of Socialism is unbribed individualism. (There may be a hole in my logic, though I got through it for the Little-Go!)

That there does exist a national danger (whether due to Socialism or other causes) from a tyranny of individuals—that is from the excessive powers and arbitrary actions of permanent Government officials, I can cite no less an authority than the Lord Chief Justice, who has just exploded a big barrel of judicial gunpowder in the vaults beneath the Houses of Bureaucracy. It takes the form of a book that has been called "a most damning and crushing indictment," and is entitled "THE NEW DESPOTISM." By the Right Hon. Lord Hewart of Bury, Lord Chief Justice of England (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 2s.). It is a veritable bombshell of a book, and I imagine it must have considerably fluttered the doves of Whitehall.

The common citizen, who has had occasion to chafe under petty and irritating interferences with private liberty, prevalent of late years, will be all for Lord Hewart in his attack on government by pigeon-hole. Let me try to indicate briefly his position. He begins by quoting an Act, passed in 1925, providing that, if any difficulty arises in its application, the Minister "may by order remove the difficulty." Another section provides that "any such order may modify the provisions of this Act so far as may appear to the Minister necessary or expedient for carrying the order into effect." In other words, he has a free hand to modify the Act as he pleases. It does not seem a far step from "removing difficulties" to removing awkward people who may make them.

Clauses of this kind, it appears, have been insidiously inserted in much of our modern legislation, all tending to departmental autocracy. Lord Hewart quotes "a well-known conversation" some years ago between a Treasury official and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after a debate in the House which caused the departmental specialist to wonder whether "all this palaver" was really necessary. "Seriously," he asked, "could not this country be governed by the Civil Service?" "Undoubtedly it could," replied the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "and I am quite sure that you and your colleagues would govern the country remarkably well. But let me tell you this, my young friend: at the end of six months of it, there would not be enough lamp-posts in Whitehall to go round."

England hitherto has prided herself on law and order. Now, it would seem, the law suffers from a surfeit of orders. "The flood of restrictions and regulations with the force of law," writes Lord Hewart, "that overspread the country during the war, opened the eyes of the public to the extent to which liberty may be imperilled by such a system." But the encroachments of bureaucracy have survived the war. During 1920, for example, the number of rules and orders (counting only those officially registered) was 2473. In 1929 the total was 1349. "Does any human being (asks the Lord Chief Justice) read through this mass of departmental legislation?" As he says, "the whole scheme of self-government is being undermined."

Lord Hewart also shows the disastrous results that would ensue from the suggested abolition of the office of Lord Chancellor, and the substitution of a lay Minister of Justice, with power to appoint Judges—a power which would soon, in practice, devolve on some official underling. "The danger is," says Lord Hewart, "that the change may be plausibly made while the public is not yet aware or is looking the other way." Despotism, he points out, may use different terms at different times, but its methods remain the same, and he recalls various historical examples of interference with Judges by the executive, including the hasty execution of Sir Walter Raleigh under a special warrant.

Having diagnosed the disease, the Lord Chief Justice (citing many typical cases) proceeds to discuss the remedy. The first thing, he urges, is to repeal or amend the offending sections in existing Acts, and the second is to prevent their insertion in the future. Committees should be formed in each House of Parliament to scrutinise every Bill, and leading newspapers should appoint a regular member of their editorial staff to do the same. "At present," he writes, "it looks as if there were in existence in some departmental pigeon-hole a collection of model clauses . . . which . . . confer upon departmental officials a power to legislate not inferior to the powers of Parliament itself, and a power to pronounce unappealable decisions. . . . What is needed is to reassert, in grim earnest, the Sovereignty of Parliament and the Rule of Law."

We all remember what a certain fictitious legal luminary has said, and is about to repeat shortly at the Savoy Theatre, on this weighty subject—

The Law is the true embodiment  
Of everything that's excellent,  
. . . And I, my Lords, embody the Law.

The career of one who thus embodied the Law for many years, with great distinction, is recorded in "THE EARL OF HALSBURY." Lord High Chancellor. (1823-1921). By A. Wilson Fox. Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 30s.). The jacket note declares it to be "the authoritative life of Lord Halsbury," and "produced under the authority of the family, who have lent the author all their letters and papers." I should rather have expected these facts to have been amplified in a preface; but we are only vouchsafed a statement, in the dedication to the late Dowager Countess of Halsbury, that the work was undertaken at her request, and a few lines of acknowledgment, by the author, of "the kind help that she has received" from the present Earl and other persons. Some reviewers are

on the South Wales Circuit, he was defending a local authority as warmly as if he had been a Welshman himself. "The Judge," we read, "laughingly protested at such enthusiasm in a 'foreigner.'" "That may be," said Giffard, "but, if I am not a Welshman myself, I have made a good deal of money out of Welshmen in my time." "Very well, then," said the Judge, "suppose we call you a Welshman by extraction!" As a matter of fact, the Giffards hail from Devon. They are one of the oldest English families, and Lord Halsbury traced his descent to pre-Conquest Norman ancestors, including Bertrand du Guesclin, whose statue at Dinard is illustrated to show the facial resemblance between the two men.

Lord Hewart's protest, I should say, would certainly have been approved by Lord Halsbury. "No one was more watchful," we read, "against any attempt to invade the right of the Jury—that citadel of the plain man in the administration of the law—to be the sole and final arbiter in questions of fact." As a legislator, "he was instrumental in carrying two reforms, each in favour of the ordinary man, which were indeed a revolution in the criminal law of England: the establishment of the Court of Criminal Appeal, and the Act by which, at last, an accused man won the right to give evidence on his own behalf."

Lord Halsbury's long life (1823-1921) covered many changes. Born in the days of coaches and three-decker men-of-war, he saw the first railways and the first iron-clads, and he lived on into the days of motor-cars and aeroplanes. Both Lord Reading and Lord Birkenhead have called him "a great master of the Common Law"; but perhaps the greatest tribute to his memory is that of Lord Muir Mackenzie, who described him as "the most lovable man I ever knew in public life."

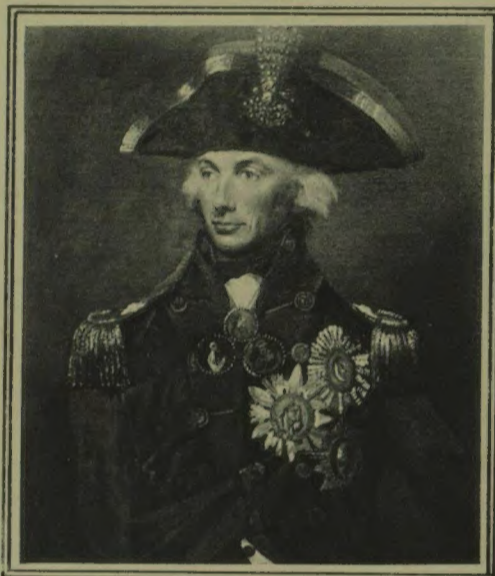
I had hoped to have said something in this article about a memoir of another public man who, as the title implies, inspired strong personal affection, namely, "THE LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIPS OF SIR CECIL SPRING RICE." Edited by Stephen Gwynn; 2 vols. (Constable; 30s.). This record of the man who, as British Ambassador at Washington from 1913 to 1917, did so much for Anglo-American goodwill, cannot, however, be dismissed in a few words, and I must return to it later.

The recent news that the Prince of Wales contemplates another African tour, including a hunting-trip, lends topical appeal to a number of new books by various sports-

men who have been on safari in that continent. All these volumes abound in thrills of the chase, and are attractively illustrated. The mere recital of their titles, which is all I can achieve at the moment, will indicate the scope of each. "WHERE LION REIGN." By Arnold Hodson, C.M.G., F.R.G.S. (Skeffington and Son, Ltd.; 18s.), describes lion-hunting and exploration in south-west Abyssinia. "BIG GAME HUNTING AND COLLECTING IN EAST AFRICA, 1903-1926." By Kálmán Kittenberger (Edward Arnold; 25s.), is the work of a distinguished Hungarian hunter-naturalist. "IN AFRICAN GAME TRACKS." By Frank Lavallin Puxley (Witherby; 12s. 6d.), chronicles wanderings with a rifle through Eastern Africa. Crossing the continent, we come next to "ELEPHANT HUNTING IN WEST AFRICA." By Captain W. B. Stanley and Courtenay Hodgson (Geoffrey Bles; 18s.). Africa has inspired another work, not concerned with sport, but with native kingship, warfare, and intrigue; namely, "LOBENGULA." By Hugh Marshall Hole. Formerly Civil Commissioner at Bulawayo. With Coloured Frontispiece (Philip Allan; 10s. 6d.). The book is at once a life-story of the famous Matabele Chief and a vivid picture of the warlike tribe which once ravaged the land that is now Southern Rhodesia. It is told more in the style of an adventure story than a historical narrative, and has lurid moments.

Finally, a distinguished writer gives his impressions of Africa—South, East, and North—during a recent tour, in "OUR AFRICAN WINTER." By Arthur Conan Doyle (John Murray; 7s. 6d.). Sir Arthur here combines a power of observation worthy of Sherlock Holmes with evidence of his own later flair for psychic phenomena. For my part, I prefer the former phase.

C. E. B.



NELSON WEARING (IN HIS HAT) THE FAMOUS CHELENGK PRESENTED BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY: THE WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT BY F. L. ABBOTT (1760-1803), NOW IN THE NELSON ROOM AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

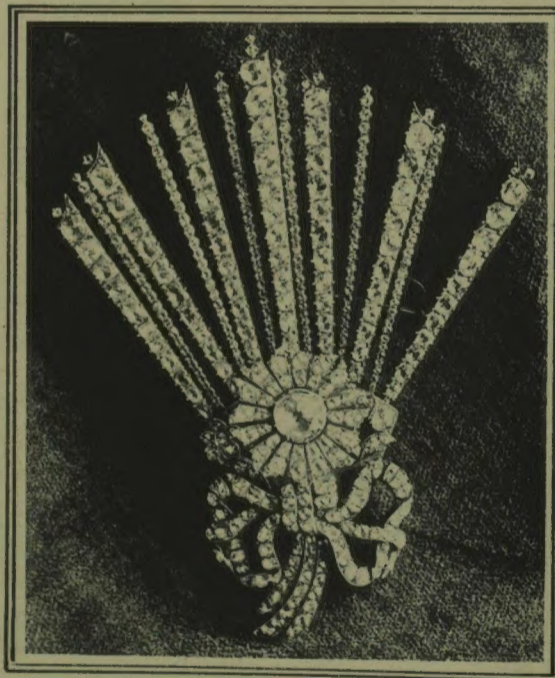
"The most speaking likeness of Nelson (writes Sir Robert Witt) painted by Abbott, and now in the Nelson Room in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, shows him wearing the Chelengk, and it was embodied in the Admiral's crest. Nelson made special provisions in his will that so greatly prized a decoration should, as far as the law allowed, be associated with the Dukedom of Bronte, a connexion which has now ceased."

Reproduced by Permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

fabled to read nothing but prefaces. That is far from being my custom, but I always like to know, if only from a fellow feeling, something about a biographer's relation to the subject, and the general circumstances in which the work was undertaken. Personal touches from an author add to the interest of the work. A Greek quotation from the Iliad on the title-page, by the way, seems to indicate a classical taste—rather uncommon in women writers.

The author's self-effacement is the more regrettable as she has performed her task with conspicuous ability. Biographies of long-lived public men can easily become dull and ponderous. This one is the very reverse. It is compact, and written in a brisk, lively style that carries the reader along, touching adequately on legal and political affairs, with a plentiful seasoning of humour and anecdote.

Hardinge Giffard (as Lord Halsbury was formerly called) had, of course, a brilliant career at the Bar. Once,



A FAMOUS NELSON RELIC SAVED FOR THE NATION: THE CHELENGK PRESENTED TO NELSON BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Sir Robert Witt, Chairman of the National Art-Collections Fund, lately appealed for subscriptions to preserve for the nation "perhaps the most important of Nelson relics, the famous Chelengk, the diamond 'Plume of Triumph,' presented to Nelson by the Sultan of Turkey after Nelson's great victory in 1798 at the Battle of the Nile." It had been offered for sale and there was danger of its going abroad. The Society for Nautical Research secured an option on it for £1500. There was an immediate response to the appeal, and Lady Barclay offered to buy and present the relic, through the National Art-Collections Fund, in memory of her husband, the late Sir Colville Barclay, British Ambassador to Portugal. Thus the relic will, in due course, join the others at Greenwich. The Chelengk was regarded by Mohammedans as equal to the highest order of Christian chivalry, and had never before been awarded outside Islam. In Nelson's Chelengk, the original seven rays about the central rose were increased by six, to commemorate the thirteen enemy ships taken or destroyed at the Nile.

# "SNARES OF THE FOWLER" IN INDIA: COONJI-SHOOTING WITH DECOYS.



SHOOTING COONJI (THE INDIAN CRANE) IN BIKANER: (BELOW) A "BLIND" BESIDE A RIVER, WITH THREE DECOYS ON THE BANK AND BIRDS COMING OVER; (ABOVE) ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BIRDS, WITH ONE HIT.

Methods of sport vary in different parts of the world, according to local conditions and the nature of the quarry. Those who go in for fowling in this country will doubtless be interested in these photographs, which show, with remarkable movement and actuality, the system adopted in Bikaner for shooting

coonji, the common crane of India. The "guns" take up their position in circular "blinds," formed of some sort of thatch. As shown in a previous photograph (in our issue of October 5), dummy decoys are posted beside the water, to attract the cranes. They are as hard to hit as wild geese.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE SUEZ  
CANAL COMPANY, 1869:  
M FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

they desired in 1865 to get from the Mediterranean into the Indian Ocean, they would have had to go either round the Cape of Good Hope, or by a primitive train from Alexandria to Cairo, and then on to Suez; or they might, greatly daring, have ridden through the desert on mule- or camel-back, along the line of the

## THE STORY OF THE SUEZ CANAL 1869-1929.

By SIR IAN MALCOLM, Senior Representative of the British Government on the Board  
of the Suez Canal Company.

I WONDER how many of the thousands of travellers who pass through the Suez Canal every year realise that, within the lifetime of the fathers of most of them, no such Canal existed? Had

of the Mediterranean pouring into Lake Timsah in 1862; and, seven years later, the Red Sea rushing into the Bitter Lakes and so filling the Canal with salt water from end to end! The money was found mainly in Egypt, by the Viceroy, and in France, where forty thousand shareholders invested in about five shares apiece.

I have not the space at my disposal to describe the ceremonial milestones that marked the progress of this enlightened enterprise: the completion of the Fresh Water Canal, from the Nile at Cairo to the lake at Ismailia, to bring drinking-water to the army of workers along the Canal banks from Port Said to Suez, a distance of some ninety-five miles; the festivities which attended the breaking of the barrages which liberated the waters of the northern and the southern seas to fill the Canal. All these

were overshadowed by the resplendent ceremonies of the week of November 17, 1869, when the Canal was declared open, and sixty-eight ships of all nations, headed by the Empress of the French in the *Aigle*, bearing the crowned heads and representatives of many nations, proudly sailed the whole length of the Canal from end to end. The rejoicings knew no limit; the age of miracles was not past. The Bedouins of Upper and Lower Egypt, ten thousand tourists from Europe, battleships and passenger-steamers, royal yachts and desert caravans, were massed in and around the waters of Port Said to see this miracle which had come to pass. On the vigil of the opening there were religious ceremonies for Christians and Mohammedans; there were, on the following day, such high festivals held along the banks of the Canal as had never been dreamed of in the deserts of Arabia. Receptions

and dinners and a ball given at Ismailia by the Viceroy; the opera "*Aïda*," composed by Verdi especially for the occasion, performed in Cairo; festivities of the most joyous description to greet the illustrious guests when they reached the Southern terminus at Suez.

And why was all this rejoicing on the part of East and West? It was not, as Lord Palmerston had vainly thought, to celebrate the repossession of Egypt by the French, as in the days of Napoleon. It was to acclaim the achievement of a greater and a graver object. *Aperire terram gentibus* was from the beginning the avowed object of Lesseps's grand conception; to draw the peoples of the East and the West closer together by the bonds of civilisation and of commerce. Greatly thwarted, he has greatly triumphed; and the British Government, who once lagged so lamentably in the rear to the detriment of British trade, is now foremost to receive the giant's share of the advantages gained by the construction of the Suez Canal. To-day, nearly 57 per cent. of the traffic through the Canal is carried in British ships; to-day, the British Government has seven-sixteenths of the Canal shares, which were bought by Mr. Disraeli in 1875 for four million pounds, and which

are now worth £72,000,000, having earned no less than £38,600,000 in the interval by dividend and interest.

The story of how Disraeli came to buy these shares in 1875—during a Parliamentary recess—is well known. The whole operation, thanks to the house of Rothschild, was carried out secretly, and in ten days. It was a *coup* which resounded throughout the civilised world, and of which its author was justly proud. His own view of the transaction is naively told in a letter from him to Lady Bradford (Nov. 25, 1875), which has just appeared in the volumes edited by the Marquess of Zetland:

I have purchased for England, the Khedive of Egypt's interest in the Suez Canal. We have had all the gamblers, capitalists, financiers of the world, organised and platooned in bands of plunderers, arrayed against us, and secret emissaries in every corner, and have baffled them all, and have never been suspected. The day before yesterday, Lesseps, whose Company has the remaining shares, backed by the French Government, whose agent he was, made a great offer. Had it succeeded, the whole of the Suez Canal would have belonged to France, and they might have shut it up!

We have given the Khedive four millions sterling for his interest, and run the chance of Parliament supporting us. We could not call them together for the matter, for that would have blown everything to the skies or to Hades. . . .

Such, in very broad outline, is the romantic story of the Suez Canal during the sixty years of its existence, and of Great Britain's fortunate connection with it. It is managed—being a French company in all but name—by a Board consisting of twenty Frenchmen, a Dutchman, and ten Britishers, three of whom represent the British Government, and the other seven are the representatives of British trade and shipping. The Concession runs out in 1968, and, if it is not renewed, it will revert to the Egyptian Government, who were the original concessionaires. But the Canal has proved itself so invaluable to Great Britain and to the commerce of the whole world under its present management, that no time should be lost in opening up negotiations for a renewal of the Concession on terms that are equally advantageous to Egypt, to the company, and to its shareholders; since the transference of the possession of the Canal, or of its maintenance, to inexperienced or to possibly hostile hands would be an act of criminal negligence for which the whole world would hold Great Britain primarily responsible.



FRANCE AND THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL: THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AT ISMAILIA—A DRAWING FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF DECEMBER 11, 1869.

To quote "The Illustrated London News" of the time: "The imposing ceremonies and international festivities at the formal opening of the Suez Maritime Canal (were) honoured with the presence of the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and other royal persons whom the Viceroy of Egypt had invited."

present Canal across the Isthmus of Suez. This last would have taken them many days. It now takes but fourteen hours, thanks to the genius of Ferdinand de Lesseps, who conceived and carried out the magnificent project of cutting a canal across the desert and linking up thereby the peoples and the trade of East and West. Think of this the next time you are passing along that now familiar route. In those days there was no Port Said, but a small village of mud and wattle huts; there was no verdant Ismailia gleaming like an emerald on the edge of the arid land of Goshen; there were no Bitter Lakes, but only steep depressions in the Egyptian desert covered with salt and scrub; there was no Suez at the entrance to the Red Sea.

This week we are celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of Lesseps's Canal, constructed in the face of enormous difficulties which nobody since the Pharaohs had been able to overcome, with mechanical appliances of the most elementary character, with native labour that knew nothing of the science of engineering, with no facilities for drinking-water or transport of food. All these obstacles were faced and foiled by *le Grand Français*, as Gambetta used to call Lesseps. But he triumphed over difficulties even greater than these. For England, in the powerful person of Lord Palmerston, was against him. Our Foreign Minister sincerely believed that Lesseps was out to capture Egypt for the French. With Lord Palmerston's enormous prestige and the backing of Parliament, it was not difficult to sow doubts in the minds of other countries as to the practicability of the Canal, and it was easy to persuade Turkey—the suzerain Power—that Egypt was passing out of her possession. But the vision, the diplomatic skill, and the persistence of Lesseps's indomitable character, gradually wore down all opposition; and, with the help of his staunch friend Mahomet Said, the Viceroy of Egypt, and of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, the Canal was ultimately built. Imagine the satisfaction of seeing the waters



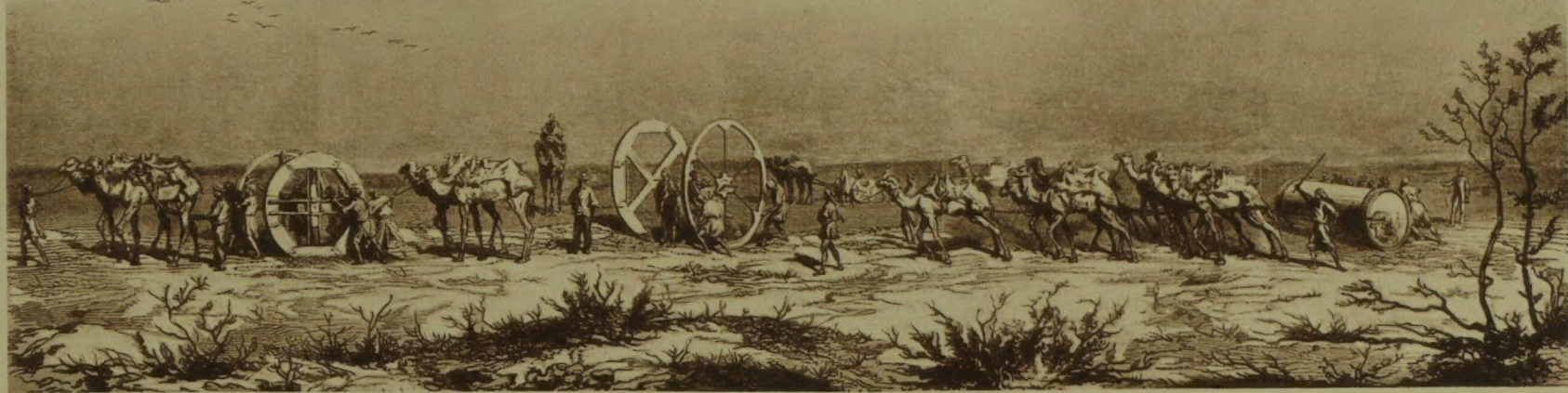
THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL IN NOVEMBER, 1869: THE "AIGLE," WITH THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE ABOARD (FOLLOWED BY THE KHEDIVIAL YACHT), WHICH HEADED THE SIXTY-EIGHT VESSELS THAT BEGAN THE PASSAGE ON THE 17TH.

The month of November, 1869, witnessed the official opening of the Suez Canal. There was a ceremony at Port Said on the 16th, and on the following day sixty-eight craft of various nationalities began the passage, headed by the "*Aigle*" with the Empress Eugénie aboard. Ismailia was reached that day. A fresh start was made on the 19th, and the journey was continued as far as the Bitter Lakes. The arrival at Suez was on the 20th. From that time general traffic began.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE SUEZ  
CANAL COMPANY, 1929: THE  
MARQUIS DE VOGÜÉ.

# THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SUEZ CANAL: MAKING THE WATERWAY.



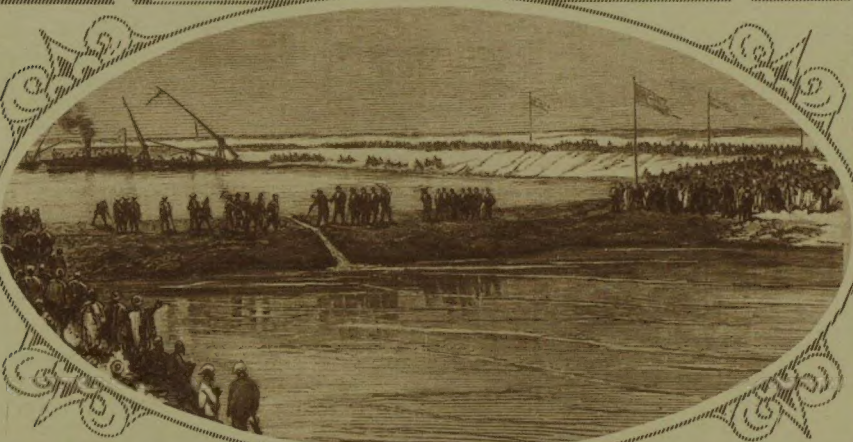
TEN YEARS BEFORE THE INAUGURATION OF THE SUEZ CANAL, THE GREAT WATERWAY LINKING THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE RED SEA: THE SECTIONS OF A DREDGER BEING DRAWN TO THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS IN 1859, WHEN FERDINAND DE LESSEPS BEGAN THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION.



THE SIMPLE CEREMONY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE HISTORIC WORK OF THE CONSTRUCTION: M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS TURNING THE FIRST SPADEFUL OF SAND AT PORT SAID ON APRIL 25, 1859.



THE FRESH-WATER CANAL, FROM THE NILE AT CAIRO TO THE LAKE AT ISMAILIA, DUG THAT DRINKING-WATER MIGHT BE BROUGHT TO THE WORKERS ON THE CANAL-BANKS: A SCENE AT ISMAILIA.



ALLOWING THE WATERS OF THE RED SEA TO FLOW INTO WHAT IS NOW THE BITTER LAKES: THE CEREMONY OF GIVING THE FINAL PICK-BLOW TO THE DAM AT THE SUEZ END OF THE CANAL IN 1869.



ALLOWING THE WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN TO FLOW INTO WHAT IS NOW THE BITTER LAKES: THE PRINCE OF WALES (KING EDWARD VII.) OPENING THE SLUICES OF THE DAM AT TUSSUM, ON MARCH 25, 1869.



BEFORE THE MAKING OF THE CANAL: A CARAVAN CROSSING THE DESERT THAT IS NOW THE BITTER LAKES.



AFTER THE MAKING OF THE CANAL: A STEAMSHIP IN THE BITTER LAKES—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THIS YEAR.

As is noted on the opposite page, that epoch-marking enterprise, the Suez Canal, was inaugurated in November, 1869. It was begun, under Ferdinand de Lesseps, on April 25, 1859, the Suez Canal Company having been formed late in the previous year. As our illustrations record, the waters of the Mediterranean were allowed to flow into what is now the Bitter Lakes, in March, 1869, by the Prince of Wales, who, with the Princess, had just returned from a trip up the Nile. In the same year, the waters of the Red Sea were allowed to flow in. To-day, the British Government owns seven-sixteenths of the Canal shares, which were bought by Disraeli in 1875 for £4,000,000. These are now worth £72,000,000,

and they have earned £38,600,000 in dividends and interest. Nearly 57 per cent. of the Canal traffic consists of British ships. All of which makes it of value to recall, as Sir Ian Malcolm does in our article, that within the lifetime of most of our fathers anyone wishing to travel from the Mediterranean into the Indian Ocean would have had to go either round the Cape of Good Hope or by a primitive train from Alexandria to Cairo, and then on to Suez; or would have had to journey on mule- or camel-back through the desert along the line of the present Canal across the Isthmus of Suez. There was no Port Said; there was no verdant Ismailia; there were no Bitter Lakes; there was no Suez.

## THE REAL STATE OF RUSSIA AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF SOVIET RULE.—II. HOME LIFE.

By R. SOUTHAN, who went to Russia with the Two Miners of the Tilmanstone Collieries.



CONSIDERED FAR LESS THAN THE "WORKERS": RUSSIAN PEASANTS—SHOPPING AT A VILLAGE CANTEEN.

In our last issue we published an article on present-day labour conditions under the Soviet, by Mr. R. Southan, who, as interpreter, accompanied two miners from the Tilmanstone Collieries, near Dover, when they paid an "unconducted" visit to Russia recently and investigated conditions in Moscow, at Artemovsk, and at certain mining centres. We now give a second article. A third will follow.

ON our arrival in Moscow we were surprised to see the dilapidated appearance of the shops and houses. Many of these were boarded up, and, in the rooms behind, the workers and their families were living in a very overcrowded condition. The streets were crowded with very poor people, many of whom did not hesitate to beg in a most importunate manner, and one paused to think where all these thousands lived. We were not able to see into any of these "homes" in Moscow, but we wandered up one street and saw a mother at a door with five very small children in a half-naked condition, and, certainly, very much underfed. In the same street we saw a woman collecting horse-manure, which she picked up in her hands. When we arrived at Artemovsk, in the Ukraine, we were able to enter homes and see conditions.

One house we entered, an old one, consisted of one floor divided into three rooms and a small kitchen. In the large room lived a father, mother, and a girl of fourteen, and in the next one, a very small room about twelve feet by eight, lived a man and his son, aged about seventeen. In the third room, smaller still, lived a single woman. In all these cases the people slept, ate, and performed their household duties in their one room. The roof leaked badly, and I asked what happened when it rained in. One of the fathers replied, "Oh, I have a perfectly good umbrella!" This, by the way, was one of the very few attempts at humour that we noticed during our tour.

Shortly afterwards we visited a coal-mine and entered several of the new houses. In every case there was only one storey, no water laid on, no bath, and terrible sanitary arrangements. Here again we found a family in each room, or, if the family was more than four, perhaps two rooms. Each house had a small garden, but nowhere did we see a garden cultivated. On returning to Artemovsk we quickly made friends with several people who spoke German, and I was able to obtain much information about home life. It appears that the women all try to find employment,

and they quite frankly say that our Englishwomen who stay at home and keep house are merely slaves! "Then who cooks the meals?" was my next question, and the answer was "We have some very good restaurants run by the Co-operative Society." We tried one of these restaurants, and found it to be much better than others we had used.

At breakfast time there would be a crowd of about five hundred workers, of both sexes, who approached the counter in their turn and purchased a ticket. They then sat at a table and were served with coffee, black bread, and, very rarely, stewed meat. Again, at dinner time, a similar crowd appeared for a meal of vegetable soup and a plate of potatoes and meat. Thus one sees how the workers overcome the lack of home life. They may prefer this to our ideas of meals in the home and family gatherings round the home table, but we often wondered what happened to the children, for, at this time of the year, all the schools were closed! I asked a woman this question, and she replied, "Oh, we teach them to look after themselves!" But one shudders to think what happens if they are only very young children. At night, when work is over, all the family leaves the home for what recreation they can find.

This consists only of listening to the "wireless" in the street, where people sit on benches or on the ground to listen. There are open-air picture-houses where one may see, at a small cost, a propaganda play—nearly always written about the Revolution, with the hero or heroine always triumphing over the wicked scheming of the "Whites." Occasionally they have films of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd.

They have also a theatre where propaganda plays are fairly well acted, and, they also have the ever-present political meeting in the "garden" or "park." The streets are always crowded at night, and one hears a constant buzz of conversation. One imagines that homes are so overcrowded and uncomfortable that everybody gets outside as much as possible.

All the above applies only to the actual workers, who number twelve millions only. But the peasants are also workers, and they number 120 millions! What about *their* home life? From what we were able to see, these poor people seem to be exactly where they were before the Revolution. Their homes are really terrible places; mere mud-shacks covered with thatch. One of these which we saw was divided into two parts. In one part lived the family, and in the other were stabled two horses and three cows. I asked why this was so, and was told that, in winter, the animals kept the house warm! This was, possibly, another attempt at humour, but I quote it for what it is worth. All around these "shacks" one sees the results of the non-existence of sanitation, pigs wallowing in the mire and filth, with the usual house refuse lying in all directions.



IN A VILLAGE IN SOVIET RUSSIA: PEASANT GIRLS.

These peasants are uneducated, and must have had a terrible time previous to the Revolution. They are now told that they are all free, and that they own their land; but they still have to pay heavy taxes for it. It seems very unfair to give the "workers" so many new things and to leave out the bulk of the population.

No new houses are being built for the peasants; at least, we didn't see any, although we travelled nearly two thousand miles into Russia. Previous to the Revolution these peasants were only allowed meat twice a year, but now they may have it when they wish.

One often hears people talking of "Free Love" in Russia, and here one might venture to state what we found to be the case. It appears that if a man finds a woman willing, he takes her to the magistrate and explains that they wish to live together as man and wife.

They receive a certificate, and if, after a few weeks, things don't go smoothly, either party may explain matters to the magistrate, who then dissolves the union. Should there be any issue, then the man has to pay one-third of his earnings to the woman. We were told of one case where a woman had had four children by different men, and was in receipt of a settled income from each. She then became a profitable investment, and quickly found another "husband."

It is quite easy to see from all the above that "home life" in Soviet Russia is not a desirable thing; in fact, one might safely say that home life, as we see it in England, does not exist among the workers in Russia.



"NO NEW HOUSES ARE BEING BUILT FOR THE PEASANTS": IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

The three Photographs on this Page are by John Fraenkel, Copenhagen.

# IN RUSSIA AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF SOVIET RULE: WORKERS AND PEASANTS.



WORKMEN IN LENINGRAD.



CHEERY TWINS IN MOSCOW.



SHOE-BLACKING IN MOSCOW.



A SHOE-BLACK ASLEEP.



A NURSE AND CHILD IN MOSCOW.



A CIGARETTE-SELLER.



A RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMAN.



THE PADDED DOOR-KEEPER AT A MOSCOW HOTEL.



A PAPER-SELLER IN LENINGRAD.

As we have had occasion to note before, the city or town worker is in a better position in Soviet Russia than the peasant. The countryman, it is true, has had land given to him; but he finds that he cannot live by land alone, and he is already awakening to such an extent that Mr. Maurice Hindus, writing in "Humanity Uprooted," which we reviewed in our issue of October 26, regards the agriculturist as the coming danger to the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The mechanic, in other words, is pampered, where the farm-labourer is comparatively neglected, or is regarded, more or less, as a milch-cow.

120 millions! What about *their* home-life? From what we were able to see, these poor people seem to be exactly where they were before the Revolution. . . . They are now told that they are all free, and that they own their land; but they still have to pay heavy taxes for it. It seems very unfair to give the 'workers' so many new things and to leave out the bulk of the population."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN FRAENKEL, COPENHAGEN.

# TRACK-CONSTRUCTION FOR WINTER SPORTS: THE CRESTA RUN AND OLYMPIA LEAP BEFORE AND AFTER SNOWFALL.



THE CRESTA RUN BEFORE THE SNOWFALL: AN AUTUMN VIEW LOOKING UP TOWARDS CHURCH LEAP FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



THE CRESTA RUN AFTER THE SNOWFALL AND ANNUAL RECONSTRUCTION: A NEARER VIEW OF PART OF THE TRACK SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



BEFORE THE SNOW COMES: THE FAMOUS BATTELDORE CORNER ON THE CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ AS IT APPEARS IN THE AUTUMN—A CONTRAST TO THE ADJOINING VIEW.



AFTER THE SNOW HAS COME AND THE CRESTA RUN HAS BEEN REMADE: THE SHUTTLECOCK CORNER, PART OF THE TRACK NEAR THE BATTELDORE CORNER A CONTRAST TO THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.

FEW of those who take part in the winter sports of Switzerland realise, probably, the enormous amount of work that has had to be done in preparing the ground for their pursuits—more especially luge, races and ski-jumps. The above photographs, taken specially by Mr. H. G. Stokes, will open their eyes to the length and magnitude of the labour involved, for example, in the annual reconstruction of the famous Cresta Run at St. Moritz, and still more, in the building of the equally famous Olympia Leap for ski-jumping, at the same place. The illustrations on the left-hand page bring out this fact by showing, side by side, sections of the Cresta Run as they are in the autumn, before the snow comes, and as they are, after the snowfall, when the

(Continued in Dec.)



AS IT IS WHEN THE ARDUOUS RECONSTRUCTION HAS BEEN COMPLETED: THE FINISH OF THE CRESTA RUN IN OPERATION—A CONTRAST TO THE PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE.



AS IT IS IN AUTUMN: THE FINISH OF THE CRESTA RUN INDICATING BY COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE THE LABOUR INVOLVED IN ITS RECONSTRUCTION.

THE GIGANTIC TASK OF CONSTRUCTING A SKI-JUMP—AN EARLY PHASE OF THE OLYMPIA LEAP AT ST. MORITZ—CLEARING THE GROUND OF TREE-STUMPS AND BOULDERS.



A LATER PHASE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE OLYMPIA LEAP AT ST. MORITZ: BUILDING UP A HUGE RAMPART TO SUPPORT THE PLATFORM OF SNOW FOR THE "TAKE-OFF" IN BACKGROUND.

run has been remade a few weeks later. In his well-known book, "Winter Sports Simplified" (Thornton Butterworth), Mr. Stokes writes: "It is difficult to convey an idea of the wonderful Cresta Run, with its carefully graduated embankments and its not less carefully nursed surface. Each year it is rebuilt, and each year with further adjustments to meet the ever-increasing appetite for speed. . . . The best runners cover the full course of 1350 yards in 59 seconds. . . . Crowds collect at such corners as 'Battledore and Shuttlecock'."

(Continued in Dec.)



JUST AFTER THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW: THE OLYMPIA LEAP AT ST. MORITZ AS IT APPEARED SHORTLY BEFORE THE PREPARATION OF THE SURFACE FOR SKI-JUMPS.

THE GREAT SKI-JUMP COMPLETED AND IN USE AFTER MANY MONTHS OF PREPARATORY LABOUR: THE OLYMPIA LEAP, SHOWING THE "TAKE-OFF" IN THE BACKGROUND.



or alongside the Church Leap." The construction of a ski-jumping track is an even more formidable undertaking. The Olympia Leap at St. Moritz was completed, at immense cost, in time for the Olympic Winter Games of February, 1928. "The jump (says Mr. Stokes) is not in an upward direction, but is a tremendous swoop forward from the edge of a snow-platform built up on the steep hillside. The competitors run down on to the platform from a point several hundred yards farther up the hillside, so that when they take off they are travelling at the speed of a train."

## A PALÆOLITHIC "POMPEII": REVELATIONS CONCERNING THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

By SIR ARTHUR KEITH.

FOUR years ago, *The Illustrated London News* made known to all the world the wonderful series of discoveries which were being made concerning the mammoth-hunters of Central Europe. These discoveries were of the highest importance

and lava of Mount Vesuvius. A catastrophe much slower in its operation, but much wider in its scope, overtook the flat central lands of Moravia in the Ice Age—the lands on which the mammoth-hunters made their homes and camps. These flat lands

acre in extent, whereas his preliminary soundings assure him that the original settlement covers at least 1000 acres. Think of the labour and expense of exposing even half an acre of this camp! A layer of loam, two metres in depth, has to be removed before the cultural seam is reached. When that seam is reached, nothing is moved; every object is carefully exposed; and then photographs are taken and plans made which record the position of each object. In this way Dr. Absolon has been able to reconstruct a part of the mammoth-hunters' camp. In one area, no larger than a London back-garden, he found parts of sixty mammoths. In another area he found a spring, round which the hunters had prepared their feasts. He exposed numerous hearths with, around them, refuse of feasts, examples of the utensils used, the ornaments worn, the fetishes which were worshipped, and the elaborate implements of the chase. He found a certain order in the arrangement of their stores; piles of mammoth-tusks were in one place, pelvic bones in another, and jaws in a third. He uncovered their work-floors, where their stone implements were chipped, and found evidence that pits were dug apparently for the capture of mammoths. Never before has such an extensive Palæolithic field been opened up, and never have so elaborate and exact methods been applied to obtain accurate reconstructions of all details. Readers will obtain from Dr. Absolon's photographs a very vivid picture of the methods applied and the results obtained.

Dr. Absolon discovered at Věstonice all that the mammoth-hunters left behind them, but not the hunters themselves. All that was found was the grave of a child, buried with a necklace made from the teeth of the Arctic fox. He found also the vault of a human skull, cut so as to form a bowl or drinking-cup. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* may remember the photograph of a similar object (Dec. 18, 1926, p. 1219). It was discovered in an Ice-Age deposit above Baar, in the Canton of Zug, Switzerland. Evidently the Palæolithic hunters of Europe had a liking for such gruesome cups, for they were also made in France. Nor did Dr. Absolon have much better success in his search for human remains at Predmost; further excavations at this classical site gave him mammoth-bones in abundance, and a rich harvest of cultural objects, but of the hunters only one imperfect skeleton. The thigh-bones of this skeleton, however, throw rather a lurid light



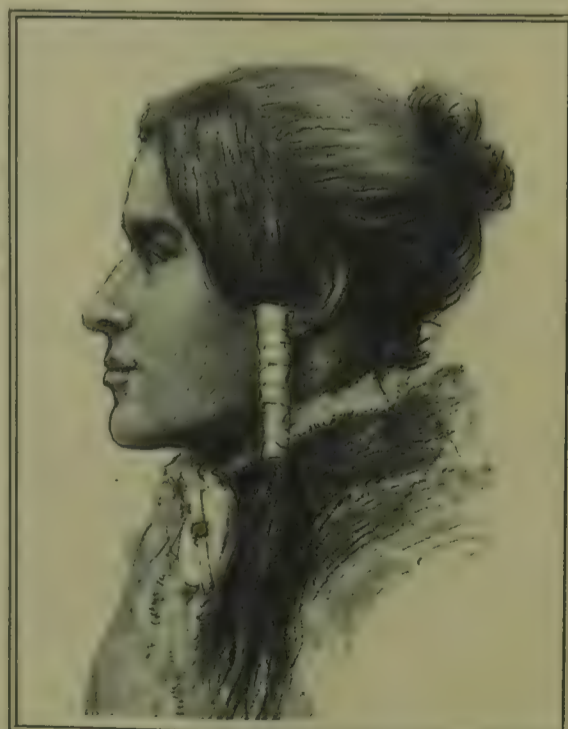
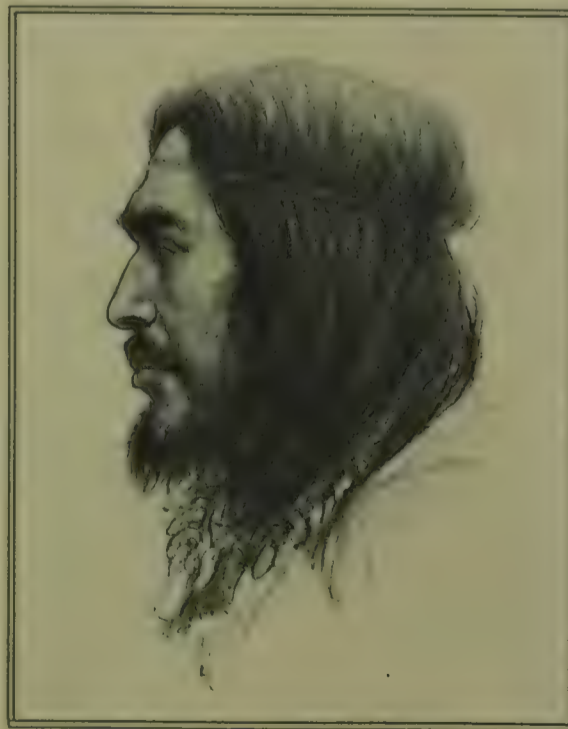
"A PALÆOLITHIC POMPEII" IN MORAVIA, WHICH WAS A "PASSAGE" THROUGH WHICH THE AURIGNACIANS, JOURNEYING FROM ASIA AND THROUGH RUSSIA, ENTERED THE WEST OF EUROPE: THE SCENE OF THE AMAZING DISCOVERY OF BURIED SETTLEMENTS OF MAMMOTH-HUNTERS.

for three reasons: First, because the scene of them lay right in the heart of Europe—in the ancient province of Moravia, now part of Czechoslovakia. Until these discoveries were published, although much had been announced, very little was really known concerning the people and the culture of Central Europe during the Ice Age. The second reason was the scale on which the discoveries were being made: never before had such vast fields of prehistoric man been exploited, and never before had the industries and habits of a Palæolithic people been discovered in such abundance and in such perfect state of preservation. The third reason—one which weighs with experts—was the fact that these discoveries had been made under the skilled and enlightened leadership of Dr. E. K. Absolon, of the University of Prague, and Curator of the Government Museum in Brno (Brünn). His museum has now become one of the greatest treasure-houses of ancient man in Europe.

Four years ago, Dr. Absolon confided to the readers of this journal that it is "very difficult for a small nation and its people to gain the interest of the world for their work." Dr. Absolon cannot say so now: he has gained the ear and eye of all who wish to know something of the struggle which man underwent to reach his present estate. He has placed the antiquities of his country in the limelight! I have had the privilege of reading his letterpress and of examining the excellent photographic records of his recent excavations, which are to appear in these pages, and I can assure him that they will fill all who read them with astonishment—astonishment that so much can still be learned of a phase of human life that is so remote from us in time. How long ago it is since the mammoth-hunters had their day is still a moot point; archaeologists who are careful in their dealings with the bank of time would allow 20,000 years; but for Dr. Absolon such a figure is inadequate; he claims about five times this antiquity for the heyday of hunters of the mammoth.

Let me attempt to make clear wherein the archaeological discoveries made by Dr. Absolon in Moravia differ from those made in other countries. We are all familiar with the catastrophe which overtook Pompeii in the first century of our era. A fashionable Roman resort was sealed down under the ashes

and became slowly buried beneath a drift of loess—a fine, powdered earth, the issue of glacial action; the homes, haunts, hearths, workshops, spoil-heaps, and worldly outfit of the mammoth-hunters became sealed down beneath a mantle of loess, six feet and more in depth. Under this mantle, near the town-



KIN OF THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS OF MORAVIA WHOSE OVERWHELMED SETTLEMENTS AND MAMMOTH-"STORES" HAVE BEEN FOUND UNDER A MANTLE OF LOESS: A PREDMOST MAN AND WOMAN.

*Reconstruction—Drawings by A. Forestier. (Originally Reproduced in this Paper in 1925.)*

ship of Věstonice (Wisternitz), on the north-eastern shoulder of the Palava hills (see map), Dr. Absolon has opened up part of a Palæolithic "Pompeii." So far he has only laid bare an area less than half an

on the habits of the mammoth-hunters. The bones are scored with sharp cuts, exactly such cuts as would be made were steaks to be cut from the muscles of a human thigh. I fear that the charge

(Continued on page 872.)



A "SIXPENCE"-IN-THE-SLOT MACHINE FOR SUPPLYING EMERGENCY UMBRELLAS IN BERLIN: TWO OF THE OILED-PAPER UMBRELLAS—ONE FURLED AND ONE OPEN—AND THE DEVICE THAT SELLS THEM. This "Novelty for the Million"—an automatic machine for the supply of umbrellas—is to be seen in Berlin. The fee exacted by the device is a fifty-pfennig piece, the equivalent of our sixpence. The umbrellas are of oiled-paper, and are avowedly of a somewhat temporary nature!

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A TRAVELLING BANK IN THE UNITED STATES: THE ARMoured CAR—WHICH CARRIES NOT ONLY A CASHIER, BUT ARMED GUARDS—HALTS TO DO BUSINESS WITH COUNTRYSIDE CLIENTS, WHO FIND IT A VERY WELCOME CONVENIENCE.

The banks of every country endeavour to serve the small client, as well as the client of greater wealth, and many ingenious means of attracting him are in use. The particular one shown is a travelling bank, which visits a large number of people in outlying districts of Los Angeles.



A REYNOLDS THAT IS TO BE SOLD WITH THE COSTUME OF THE SITTER: "CAPTAIN JOHN FOOT."

The three items illustrated above are to come under the hammer at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, Leicester Square, this month. The portrait of Captain John Foot, of the Indian Civil Service, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, will be sold in company with the costume worn by the sitter. Graves and Cronin tell that Reynolds used the paints of his friend and pupil, James Northcote, when



AN EARLY PESARO, OR FORLÌ, DISH: A FINE PIECE THAT IS TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER.

finishing this work, believing that these particular pigments would last especially well. It will be offered for sale on the 27th. The present owner is a descendant of Captain Foot. The Pesaro, or Forlì, dish, which is from a Scottish collection, and the very interesting Chinese porcelain Warrior are to figure in other sales by the same well-known firm.



OF VERY SPECIAL INTEREST: A WARRIOR ON HORSEBACK, IN EARLY CHINESE PORCELAIN.



PASSENGER-ACCOMMODATION IN AN AEROPLANE'S WINGS: WELL-WINDOWED CABINS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FUSELAGE OF THE NEW JUNKER, WHICH IS THE LARGEST LAND PLANE IN THE WORLD.

As we note under other illustrations in this issue, on page 865, the new Junker provides at present for thirty-four passengers, and part of the accommodation for these is in the wings, which are some eight feet thick where they join the fuselage.



BURYING A PET SHEEP-DOG IN THE DOG CEMETERY IN A SUBURB OF BERLIN: A MOURNER PLACING FLOWERS ON THE "COFFIN"—A TRUNK.

A new cemetery in which pet dogs may be buried has been opened in a Berlin suburb, and already quite a number of the faithful "friends of man" have been laid to their last rest there. "Coffins" vary according to the tastes of the mourners.

# "KNIGHTS" OF "THE MOST ENVIABLE ORDER," HONOURED "FOR VALOUR." V.C.'s AT THE CENOTAPH AND AT THE V.C. DINNER.



When the column of nearly 300 V.C.s assembled in London on Armistice Day, and marched past the Cenotaph at the head of the ex-Service procession, the crowd watched them eagerly to see what manner of men these were whose deeds had gained them Britain's greatest military decoration. It was a signal opportunity to observe the heroic "type." But these heroes, it appeared, did not differ greatly in externals from the

(Continued opposite.)



THE INAUGURATION OF THE ORDER OF VALOUR. QUEEN VICTORIA (MOUNTED ON A ROAN CHARGER, IN HYDE PARK—A DRAWING FROM "THE



THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF THE V.C. BY WITH THE PRINCE CONSORT (AT HER SIDE) ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF JULY 4, 1857.

Continued.] ordinary British heroism, in fact, is an inward quality, and does not always show on the outside. The V.C.s gathered at the Cenotaph were the majority able to remain in London, out of the 321 who had been guests of the Prince of Wales and the British Legion at the V.C. dinner on November 9, in the Royal Gallery at the House of Lords. The company included V.C.s from all parts of the Empire, and veterans of the Boer

(Continued below.)



AT THE V.C. DINNER, WHERE SEATS WERE ALLOTTED BY BALLOT, THE PRINCE OF WALES BETWEEN SERGEANT W. F. BURMAN, V.C. (NOW A CHAUFFEUR), AND VISCOUNT GORT, V.C. (RIGHT).



THE VICTORIA CROSS IN FLANDERS POPPIES: A GIANT REPLICA HUNG IN A DOORWAY OF THE ROYAL GALLERY AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS ON THE OCCASION OF THE V.C. DINNER.



"KNIGHTS" OF "THE MOST ENVIABLE ORDER OF THE V.C.": TYPES OF MEN WHO HAVE WON THE CROSS "FOR VALOUR"—A SECTION OF THE COMPANY AT THE V.C. DINNER.



TYPICAL HOLDERS OF "THE MOST COVETED HONOUR TO WHICH HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS CAN ASPIRE": ANOTHER SECTION OF THE COMPANY AT THE V.C. DINNER HELD AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE INDIAN TYPE OF V.C.: SUBADAR ISHAR SINGH, WITH OTHER WEARERS OF THE BRONZE CROSS "FOR VALOUR" IN THE MARCH OF THE GALLANT THREE HUNDRED TO THE CENOTAPH ON ARMISTICE DAY.



OLDEST AND YOUNGEST OF LIVING V.C.'s: GENERAL SIR REGINALD CLARE-HART AND SERGEANT THOMAS RICKETTS (1st BATT. ROYAL NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT), WHO WAS AWARDED THE CROSS AT SIXTEEN.

Continued.

Wars, Rorke's Drift, and the Afghan and Burma campaigns, as well as the large body of V.C.'s of the Great War. Seats were allocated by ballot, which mingled at the top table privates and generals, an ex-drummer, and an Admiral of the Fleet. The Prince of Wales had on his right Sergeant W. F. Burman, of the Rifle Brigade (now a chauffeur), and on his left Colonel Lord Gort. Everyone wore a lounge suit. In proposing "Our Guests, the V.C.'s" the Prince said: "To-night I speak, if I may, of the Most Enviable Order of the V.C.—the most democratic and at the same time the most exclusive of

all orders of chivalry." Its history is told in Lieut.-Col. Rupert Stewart's very interesting book, "The Victoria Cross" (Hutchinson). "The Cross," he writes, "was first won by Lieut. Charles David Lucas, R.N., in the Crimea, when serving as mate in the 'Hecla' on June 21, 1854." This award was made retrospectively, for Queen Victoria's original Warrant instituting the V.C. is dated January 29, 1856. The first distribution of crosses—to sixty-one recipients—by the Queen, took place on June 26, 1857, as illustrated in the above drawing from our issue of July 4 in that year.

## “PUZZLING

### “ENIGMAS

JAMES BURNET, Lord Monboddo (1714-99), was a Scottish lawyer, chiefly remembered by the pertinacity with which he defended his remarkable theory that all children are born with tails—these, in civilised countries, being surreptitiously removed by the midwives.” Posterity, deriding him,



SUCCESSFULLY FRAUDULENT FROM 1577 UNTIL THE TIME OF BLUMENBACH! THE GIANT OF LUCERNE—A HUGE MAN “RECONSTRUCTED” FROM UNEARTHED BONES WHICH WERE LATER REVEALED AS THOSE OF A MAMMOTH.

The Giant of Lucerne, who was adopted as a supporter of the city's arms, was based upon a skeleton of enormous dimensions which was found at Willisau in 1577. Dr. Felix Plater, the most expert anatomist of his day, guaranteed the bones in question as undoubtedly human; and the truth was not known until the days of J. F. Blumenbach (flourished 1752-1840), who showed that they were those of a mammoth! The illustration is redrawn from an engraving in J. L. Cysat's “Beschreibung dess berühmten Lucerner,” published in Lucerne in 1661. The original engraving represents a painting by Johann Bock (after a drawing by Felix Plater), presented to the Senate of Lucerne in July, 1584.

is, perhaps, a trifle too ungenerous: he anticipated Darwinism and much of the modern science of anthropology! Out of eccentricity enlightenment may come. Seriously, it is ever ill to prophesy pontifically. The scoffers are as the sands of the sea in multitude when it is a question of peopling Mars with real, live Wellsian or worldly Martians; yet—who knows? Only a few minutes ago a newspaper informed me—a very popular newspaper, it is true—that an organisation of enthusiasts is planning to fire ten tons of metallic magnesium on the chill summit of the Jungfrau Joch, in the hope that the consequent glare, focussed by Brobdignagian reflectors, will attract an answering signal from any sentient beings who may exist in “the

most favourably situated of all the planets for observation from the earth.” As Commander Gould has occasion to note in his Chapter on the “Canals”—really, Schiaparelli's *canali* “(channels); a perfectly suitable term, not implying any artificial origin”—“In the most favourable circumstances, Mars' distance when in opposition is about 35,000,000 miles. Now, as astronomical distances go, 35 million miles is not very much; it is, for example, less than half the distance from the earth to the sun, while in comparison with the distance of some of the nearest stars it is, as Sir Boyle Roche once said (or did not say), ‘a mere flea-bite in the ocean.’” Be not over-eager, then, to scorn the apparently absurd. If there *should* be a reply—!

In any case, there is merit in Monboddovianism: it has the inquiring mind without which there would be no progress. Alas! that its disciples should so often be credulous; so prepared to credit fantastic claims made *blotto voce*, as our author has it, wittily; so inclined to brood upon their subject that they may be deluded by themselves, “much in the same way that advancing years and periodical surfeits of Curaçao combined to convince George IV. that he had commanded a brigade at Waterloo.”

“The essence of belief is the establishment of a habit,” postulated Peirce. Much may be argued in support. An acceptance is apt to burgeon into an article of faith.

That, without doubt, is why our ancestors had little difficulty in swallowing the stories of the Giants of Patagonia. They had been accustomed to tales of “big, outlandish bones” and their huge owners! What did it matter if the Gogs and Magogs of the Magellan Strait varied in height according to the particular investigator—from ten and a half to twelve feet to “a little under 7 feet, 6 inches” and to “nine feet, if they do not exceed it”? At all events, they were of “a gigantic stature,” although not all were “very

corpulent.”

and others attributed the Patagonians to the average of their forerunners they had their Gould, by no means alleged to be (modore) . . . still surviving definitely be. But the remains notorious from arms until Bl



COLOSSI OF THE CO

This illustration from “Enigmas,” “The very circumstances in which the Colossi of Memnon were not,

and 1840, “giant” as a sand-pit near the King of the Colossi revealed as the legitimately terrestrial which has since original configuration de Paléontologie.

So much for the Enigmas “book of unexplained facts.”

There are very many among them as the mysterious of Memnon, the Colossi of Memnon, recorded as having been between 20 B.C. “vocal statue” most of the Amenophis III. cannon, in 1822, observers some about half a second order “Fire!” or muffled boom resembling gun accountably in including—to the Scotland, the and, frequently the Belgian Colossi locally known “fog-hiccups”).

And notably Columbus on has been allotted widely separate group and probably was Watling Island, the San Juan the Strait of number of maps the St. Lawrence geographers in

\* “Enigmas: Another Book of Unexplained Facts.” By Lieutenant Commander Rupert T. Gould, R.N. (Ret.)—(Philip Allan and Co.; 12s. 6d. net.)

















































